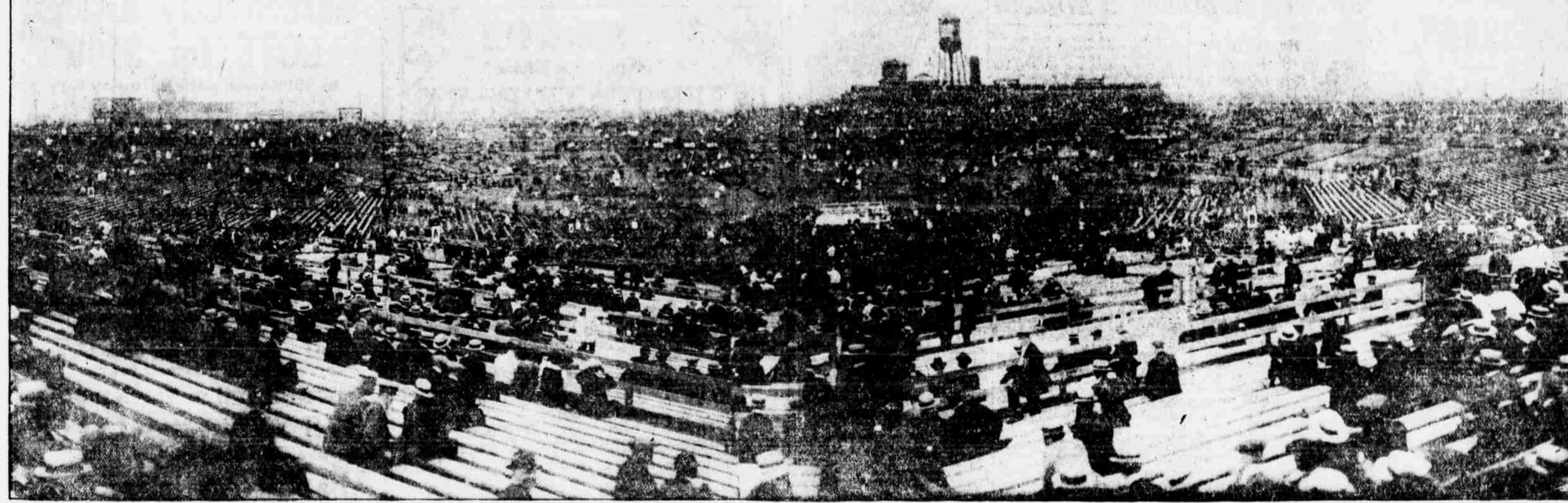


INTERIOR OF THE BIG FIGHT ARENA AS SEEN AT NOON TO-DAY



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN BY A STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER FOR THE EVENING WORLD.

HOW DEMPSEY WON THE TITLE IN BULL DOG-MASTIFF FIGHT

JACK DEMPSEY won the world's heavyweight title July 4, 1919, on the sun-baked shores of Miami Bay, Toledo, when he beat the gentle Jess Willard into submission in three rounds. The battle, which was subsequently characterized as one of the most brutal in the annals of pugilism, resulting from its one-sidedness, should never have progressed further than the first round.

Fighting with the fury of a bulldog and a bulldog, Dempsey waded into his Goliath-like opponent that torched afternoon like a thunderbolt.

Willard was the first to lead. He pawed his long left into the swarthy face of his smaller challenger. That was all. Thirty seconds later the biggest of all champions was a reeling, dazed, dazed and smashed. The effect of the challenger's blow was appalling.

They travelled so swiftly that the eye could hardly detect the flying gloves. At each impact of the crashing blows Willard's face would assume another appearance, as if Dempsey were a sculptor, dissatisfied with his work and obliterating it.

New cuts and huge bruises were obvious every time Dempsey would draw back either hand after landing on his slow moving, towering adversary.

Willard at the start of the fight was an odds on choice in the betting. He had two things in his favor. Willard would successfully defend his title, with numerous bets placed on the outcome. Each fighter had followers who supported their favorites to win. The betting was high.

Dempsey had fought his way up to the battlefield with Willard by his quick knockouts of Fred Fulton, Morris, Brennan, et al. He was not regarded as having much of a chance, however, with the giant-like conqueror of Jack Johnson.

Round One.

When the echo of the bell cleared through the open air stadium in the first round, Willard, confidently shouting, sent two straight lefts to Dempsey's face that made him blink. Dempsey missed his left swing and fell into a clinch. He worked three lefts to his feet. Willard, who had been to the mercy toyed with him again in the clinch, swinging him around and sending his ringer-like left to head and body as they broke.

Dempsey, as if it a rage, swung left to the jaw, following right and left to body. This was the beginning of the champion's finish. He gained around from the effects of these

DEMPSEY A BOY, CARPENTIER A MAN, DECLARAS ARTIST

Champion Delights in Frisky Cut-ups on the Most Serious Occasions—Has No Idea of What \$300,000 Means, His Gauge Being a Two-Bit Piece—Challenger a Thinker Who Cares Little for the Gapes of the Curious.

By Thornton Fisher.

Before the sun sets this evening over the Jersey hills (there is a sum) two men, each the direct antithesis of the other, will have participated in the most stupendous sporting spectacle the world has ever witnessed. Pugilistically the event may prove to be a colossal "burst" or a never-to-be-forgotten picture of two virile youths, who do not speak a common tongue, battling toe to toe for the plaudits, fortune and crown that go to the victor.

Sixty thousand persons from every stratum of human kind gathered in one place to thrill at such a drama.

What is the psychology of it?

After all the adjectives have been stripped from fancy phrases the fact remains that a young man named Jack Dempsey of Salt Lake City, Utah, is to fight Georges Carpenter of Paris, France, in defense of the heavyweight title of the world, possession of which means money and lots of it for a fighter.

It was a strange caprice of fate that Dempsey, shot at Willard's face and body with pile-driving punches, the champion was floundering around helpless, unable to defend himself, with only the ropes to keep him on his feet. Blood was bubbling from his mouth in every gash for breath.

Willard, who had been sent to the champion's deathbed, had come along to see if he could stop Pecord from stopping the champion.

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